FRAZER's ADVENTURE,

OR,

A Sade and Bloody

FIGHT,

At *Whittingham* in *East Lothian*, upon the 13*th*. *April* 1721.

The Battle was fought by Laird *Frazer*, in *Linton*, the Gauger of the Outrode of *Dunbar*, to the West, a Constable and several others, they got to their Assistance, against the Wives of *Whittingham*.

This bloody Battle feircely fought,
Against all those that *Frazer* brought;
Pray read it, you will find true Speeches,
And see how *Frazer* fyl'd his Breeches.

By *Humphry Candlesticks* Professor of Poetry at *Pishwanton*.

EDINBURGH,
Printed in the Year 1721.

To the Reader,

READER, excuſe me when I crack;
So courſly, with ſick Words;
As Folks all ſmuthered With the Smak;
Of Farting and of Turds;
That was enough to file the Air,
Or for to breed the Peſt;
When that Gutters they did clear,
And ſome in Dubs did reſt;
Bedeen that Day.

Oh, had you ſeen, but how they looked;
When, they had done their beſt;
The Carlings with their Faces bruicked;
The Carles look'd like Gueſts;
Some clew their Arſes when they yoked,
And ſome their Wembs did rub;
Some drew others like Fiſh hooked,
When they lay in the Dub,
All Durt that Day.

A ſtrange Sort of Appologie;
Yet this is all you'll get of me;
Humphry Candleſticks.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FRAZER's ADVENTURE.

IN Spring-time when Kings go to Battle;
And errant Knights Heads do rattle;
And they for Honour will make Trial;
Round every Point, as Sun on Dyal;
And when all Men are kill'd with Wives;
They'll fight, and ſcarce ſave any Lives;
Unleſs they will ſubmit, and then,
They'll either Women ſpare or Men;
Being inconſiſtent With their Fame;
Truſt to betray it were a Shame;
This was the time when that Laird *Frazer*;
With Courage ſharpe as any Raſor;
Went forth to let the World know,
What mighty Actions he could do,
The thirteenth Day of *April* he;
From *Lintoun* march'd couragiouſlie;
Firſt I'll let you the Reaſon know;
Why he to *Whittingham* did go;
And then ſhall tell how *Robiſon*;
Did there behave himſelf alon;
Then laſtly tell if I be able,
How *Wallace* wight and feirce Conſtable,
With *Frazer* on the Front ſo ſtout;
And their great Army marched out:
The Day before went *Robiſon*,
To *Whittingham* himſelf alon,
As he was wont to gauge the Ale,
And underſtanding by a Tale,
That a poor Man into that Town,

Did keep a Shop; ſo he went down,
And took ſome Bottles there of Brandy;
But honeſt Wives about being handie,
They took the Brandy back again,
And beat the Gauger, to be plain;
Until he left his Horſe and ran;
Before the Wives he led the Van;
The Carlings being ſtout and bold,
Cloſs to his Rear they ſtill did hold;
So that no Shelter behind Dykes,
Could ſuccour him, wherefore with Tikes,
Beneath a Bed, he creept ſo cloſs,
That you would've thought it Shame & Loſs
To hurt him when he girn'd and grat,
And creept like Mouſe purſu'd by Cat:
But ſome alledging it might be,
His Cunning and Subtility;
Proteſted they would not him leave,
Until they did him more Miſchief:
With that by Heels they did him drag;
But he kept faſt Hold of a Knag.
They pull'd, he held, till Limbs did crack,
And ſoundly pay for't did his Back:
He kept that Fort till it grew late;
Then homeward went to tell his Fate;
Which *Frazer* hearing, with Bravado,
And feirce as *Spainard* with *Armado*;
Made Folks believe, That he would tear
Them all to Rags, were he come near;
For the Night before when they did meet,
They ſtair'd with Eyes and ſtampt with Feet;
They vow'd and ſwore with bloody Words;
They oil'd their Piſtols clear'd their Swords;
That Night you would have thought while drinking

They

They would have ſet all the Earth a ſtinking,
For Fear, for they would ſpare no Lives
Of Men nor Horſes, Bairns nor Wives;
And the next Day when Light appear'd;
Each one another's Courage chear'd:
The brave Hector of *Linton* led
The Van and ſo away they ſped,
To *Wittingham* for to ſubdue,
That baſe, rebellious, ſtubborn Crew:
The Orders were given out to *Halt*,
At the Town End that Sp'rit of Malt,
A little might their Courage raiſe;
The Company did *Frazer* praiſe,
For his brave Conduct; ſo his Will
Was each ſhould have a Pint and Gill:
Thus being in the in-Side arm'd,
Before they wiſt they were alarm'd,
By an old Wife that came to piſs,
Out of a Door, wherefore with this,
Orders were given, for to fall back,
The Enemy for to attack.
And in good Order to advance,
And ſtoutly fight what e're might chance:
But *Frazer*, as great Generals do,
This following Speech made them unto,
Their Courage to excite and ſtand,
And fight it out with Heart and Hand;
Brave Gentlemen, quoth he, no Doubt,
But many one you given the Rout,
Your Hearts they are as true as Steel,
Your Hands are ſtrong your Foes may feel;
And for my ſelf, I can expoſe
My naked Fore-head and my Noſe,
To Cannon-ball, and Piſtol Shot.

And

And Swords I value not a Groat;
Great Fates in *Flanders* and in *Spain*,
I've done where I did Honour gain;
All Kings in *Europe* well can tell,
That none was ſtouter than my ſell;
By Land I have laid Men on Heaps,
And thouſands drowned in the Deeps;
I have leapt over Wall in Force,
Of Enemies their Foot and Horſe;
I have fought Combates many Day,
With ſtouteſt Champions that durſt play;
And to conclude they'll not make Strife,
That all of them I ſav'd on Life,
When at my Feet their Swords they threw;
I ſtill had Honour, ſo none ſlew;
Wherefore brave Gentlemen come on;
I'll let you ſee what I alone
Can do; likewiſe your ſelves behave
Moſt ſtoutly, and play not the Knave.
Thus having ſpoke, he knockt his Head,
He cokt his Hat and pull'd out Lead,
And in his Piſtols did it throw,
Then gave his Spatterntaſh a Blow;
Then drew his Sword a furious Blade,
That Wounds both deep & wide hath made:
His Eyes they glanc'd, ſo you would thought,
That in his Way he would ſav'd Nought,
Thus on the Street they did Parade,
Which Wives eſpy'd with Anger mad,
Came running out with Reels and Rocks,
And ſome the Keys threw out of Locks:
With one Conſent theſe *Amazons*
Came forth with Sticks or elſe with Stones;
And did encounter them ſo feirce;

Till

With Sword drawn fell on's Arse;
His Sword flew from him a great Way;
His Piſtols were bedaub'd with Clay,
And uſeleſs were, would not give Fire,
While he lay ſpelder'd in the Mire;
The Gauger went to his old Fort,
Beneath a Bed he did reſort;
And looking out he was content;
To ſee what would be the Event,
The Conſtable with Staft and a,
Had Heels enew to run awa;
And left great *Frazer* their Commander,
In a Caſe would puzel'd *Alexander*,
But he more wiſe, alſo more ſtout,
Seeing Enemys him round about,
And wanting Weapons for Defence,
Rous'd up his Wits being out of Senſe;
So fell upon this ſudden Plot,
By Parts to counterfeit a Shot.
Which anſwer'd fitly his Deſign,
For Sound which made the Hills all ring,
At firſt indeed the Wives he frighted,
Tho' him but ſhortly they had ſlighted;
Thinking he had ſome new Invention,
Of Fighting for all his Pretention;
They did ſtand off, and Truth no wonder,
For each Crack was like Clap of Thunder;
But ſhortly they it underſtood,
To be but Wind, for it ſhed no Blood,
Altho' they ſmother'd were with Stink,
Which made them ſcarce know what to think.
He finding that falſe Alarm,
Did do him Service and them harm,
He try'd while he lay in the Mire,

If

If he could give a second Fire;
The first indeed was nought but Wind,
That blew throw Dirt that came behind,
As might know who found the Smell,
That made them ſnize it was ſo fell:
Now being charg'd, and giving Fire,
A *Turd* came out at his Deſire,
Moſt ſuddenly inſtead of Ball;
Which made ſome quickly for to fall;
It made ſuch fearful Noiſe and Brattle,
That many Ear far off did rattle,
Affraid it might ding out their Harns,
Or make ſome of them part with *Bairns*:
They turn'd about and ran away,
While the Conquerer in the Gutter lay.
Now ſtrang Work was through all the *Town*;
For ſome with Stink fell in a Sown;
The Wives they glowr'd, the Bairns they grat,
Dogs barked, and mew did the Cat,
The Cocks they crew, and Hens they chanted;
Which *Frazer* ſeeing then he vaunted,
He from the Dub his Head did raiſe,
And this himſelf began to praiſe.
Quoth he, *I* told e're *I* fell on,
What mighty Actions *I* had done;
How Caſtles *I* did ſtorm and Town,
And ſtill came of with great Renown,
And now its fal'n out as *I* told,
For tho' my Enemies were bold;
I can them conquer with my Arſe,
Altho' they be both ſtout and feirce;
Here I have neither Gun nor Sword.
Yet I have fought them with a Turd.
It's true indeed I have that Gift,

That

That come what will I can make Shift:
We Wariors can contrive to do,
What Cowards will ne're have Senſe to kno,
We are Men of pragmatick Wit,
And rightly can the Matter hit.
If that my Men had kept the Field,
As I have done who would not yeild:
But, ſtood, I ſhould ſay, Lay my Ground,
They might for ever been renown'd.
Now I with Honour can come off,
While all the World does them ſcoff.
Theſe Words ſcarce from his Mouth did drape,
When ſuddenly like Thunder Clape,
The Wives return'd, which when he ſaw,
His Head he down again let fa.
And as on Breathing out his laſt,
He up the White of 's Eyes did caſt;
Thinking in Health if they ſhould catch him
That withoutDoubt they would diſpatch him;
He faintly cryed out that they,
Might hear the laſt Words he would ſay?
Which they agreed too, with Conſent,
And for to hear, were all content.
But firſt their Noſes they did grip,
For fear of Stink, then clos'd their Lip,
And did ſurround him where he lay,
To hear what he deſign'd to ſay.
He groan'd a while, then long Sighs drew,
Then from his Mouth theſe Words they flew,
Quoth he you Female Wariours brave,
I haſten faſt now to my Grave.
In Martial Steps I long did tred,
And now I die in Honour's Bed;
And ſince by you I am o'ercome,

Pray take my Breeches from my Bum;
And make them Ensigns for your Glory,
I've worn them many Years before ye,
They look the better for these Rags,
Old Regments boast of tattered Flags.
And then cause bury me in State,
With Light of Torches when it's late,
With Fuck of Drum and Trumpet Sound,
Before you lay me in the Ground,
With Arms all bright and Swords on Hearse
And a long Match stept in my Arse.
Then lay me in my Grave to rest,
And when with Earth my Bones are prest;
These Words cause write upon my Tomb
When I am sent to my long Home.

EPITAPH, On Laird *Frazer* done by himself, when he lay in the Mire at *Whittingham*.

HEre Frazer *lyes, with's Face to Skyes,*
An Hero stout and bold,
Who fear'd, no Wight, by Day nor Night,
In young Age nor in old.
In Honour's Bed, with Courage cled,
He dy'd in Mars's Arms,
He fear'd not Death, while he had Breath
And now defyes all Hornies.

WHen he had ended all these Speeches
The Wives began to take of's Breeches,
To use them as he gave Direction,
But still the Stink had such Infection,

Upon

Upon them, that they chois'd to quite,
His Breeches that were all beſhyte;
And take his Wig, and hois'd't on hy,
A *Trophy* for their Victory.
A Matron took it of great Merit,
She being ordered for to carry't;
And on a Rock's End it diſplay'd,
While all the reſt thus cry'd and ſaid.

CHORUS, to the Tune of up wi your *Tailly, Ailly* &c.

YOung Laſſes behold and ſee,
What Honour your Mothers have won,
Who ſcorned like Cowards to flee,
For Terror of Piſtol or Gun.
And now this Advice we give,
That you may ne'er fear a Man,
You'll be Conquerors if you live,
Let them do the beſt they can, &c.

WHile they did ſing the Victory,
Great General *Frazer* got away;
Full glad I trow tho' wanting's Sword,
In ſted of which he took Home Turd.
His Wig they plac'd ſome tell the Tale,
On an Houſe Tope a Sign for Ale;
But others ſay much more they'll gain,
By it for Children it does ſpean;
For when a Wife puts't on on her Pow,
She'll then look like a *Worry-Cow.*
However when the Wives came back,
They found that he had not been ſlack,

For

For tho' they ſtay'd but a ſhort while,
He from the Town had run a Mile;
At which they heartily did gaff,
And thus they chang'd his *Epitaph*.

EPITAPH on Laird *Frazer* done by the Wives in *Whittingham* when he lay in the Mire there.

HEre Frazer *lyes, with dirty Thighes,*
Oh! pray Sirs do not wyte him;
Whom an old Wife frighted from Life,
And made him ſelf beſhyte him.
At the Wrong End, his Breath did ſpend,
Without the Stroke of Sword Sirs;
He ne'er was ſeen with, Breeches clean,
And now he lyes in Turd Sirs.

THus did the bloody Battle end,
The Wives moſt ſtoutly did defend,
The Town, againſt the bold Beſeigers,
Till they ran off as if for Wadgers.
There was more loſs of Dirt than Blood,
Wherefore my Rhyme I do conclude.

FINIS.

BRITISH
5 AP 80
MUSEUM